Proud with his forme, in his eie pride expressed.
His tongue all impatient to speake and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eie-sight to be,
All sences to that sence did make their repaire,
To feele onely looking on fairest of faire:
Me thought all his sences were lockt in his eye,
As Iewels in Christall for some Prince to buy. (glast,
Who tendring their own worth from whence they were
Did point out to buy them along as you past.
His faces owne margent did coate such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eies inchanted with gazes.
Ile giue you *Aquitaine*, and all that is his,
And you giue him for my sake, but one louing Kisse.

Prin. Come to our Pauillion, *Boyet* is disposde.

Bro. But to speak that in words, which his eie hath dis-
I onelie haue made a mouth of his eie, (clos'd.
By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.

Lad.Ro. Thou art an old Loue-monger, and speakest skilfully.

Lad.Ma. He is *Cupids* Grandfather, and learnes news of him.

Lad.2. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Boy. Do you heare my mad wenches?

La.1. No.

Boy. What then, do you see?

Lad.2. I, our way to be gone.

Boy. You are too hard for me. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Broggart and Boy.
Song.

Bra. Warble childe, make passionate my sense of hearing.

Boy. Concolinel.

Brag. Sweete Ayer, go tendernesse of yeares: take this Key, giue enlargement to the swaine, bring him festinatly hither: I must imploy him in a letter to my Loue.

Boy. Will you win your loue with a French braule?

Bra. How meanest thou, brauling in French?

Boy. No my compleat master, but to Iigge off a tune at the tongues end, canarie to it with the feete, humour it with turning vp your eie: sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throate: if you swallowed loue with singing, loue sometime through: nose as if you snuft vp loue by smelling loue with your hat penthouse-like ore the shop of your eies, with your armes crost on your thinbellie doublet, like a Rabbet on a spit, or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting, and keepe not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: these are complements, these are humours, these betraie nice wenches that would be betraied without these, and make them men of note: do you note men that most are affected to these?

Brag. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Boy. By my penne of obseruation.

Brag. But O, but O.

Boy. The Hobbie-horse is forgot.

Bra. Cal'st thou my loue Hobbi-horse.

Boy. No Master, the Hobbie-horse is but a Colt, and and your Loue perhaps, a Hacknie.

But haue you forgot your Loue?

Brag. Almost I had.

Boy. Negligent student, learne her by heart.

Brag. By heart, and in heart Boy.

Boy. And out of heart Master: all those three I will proue.

Brag. What wilt thou proue?

Boy. A man, if I liue (and this) by, in, and without, vpon the instant: by heart you loue her, because your heart cannot come by her: in heart you loue her, because your heart is in loue with her: and out of heart you loue her, being out of heart that you cannot enioy her.

Brag. I am all these three.

Boy. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Brag. Fetch hither the Swaine, he must carrie mee a letter.

Boy. A message well simpathis'd, a Horse to be embassadour for an Asse.

Brag. Ha, ha, What saiest thou?

Boy. Marrie sir, you must send the Asse vpon the Horse for he is verie slow gated: but I goe.

Brag. The way is but short, away.

Boy. As swift as Lead sir.

Brag. Thy meaning prettie ingenious, is not Lead a mettall heauie, dull, and slow?

Boy. *Minnime* honest Master, or rather Master no.

Brad. I say Lead is slow.

Boy. You are too swift sir to say so.
Is that Lead slow which is fir'd from a Gunne?

Brag. Sweete smoke of Rhetorike,
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's he:
I shoote thee at the Swaine.

Boy. Thump then, and I flee.

Bra. A most acute Iuuenall, voluble and free of grace,
By thy fauour sweet Welkin, I must sigh in thy face.
Most rude melancholie, Valour giues thee place.
My Herald is return'd.

Enter Page and Clowne.

Pag. A wonder Master, here's a *Costard* broken in a shin.

Ar. Some enigma, some riddle, come, thy *Lennoy* begin.

Clo. No egma, no riddle, no *lennoy*, no salue, in thee male sir. Or sir, Plantan, a plaine Plantan: no *lennoy*, no, *lennoy*, no Salue sir, but a Plantan.

Ar. By verue thou inforcest laughter, thy sillie thought, my spleene, the heauing of my lunges prouokes me to rediculous smyling: O pardon me my stars, doth the inconsiderate take *salue* for *lennoy*, and the word *lennoy* for a *salue*?

Pag. Doe the wise thinke them other, is not *lennoy* a *salue*? (plaine,

Ar. No *Page*, it is an epilogue or discourse to make
Some obscure precedence that hath tosore bin faine.
Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with
my *lennoy*.
The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes, being but three.

Arm. Vntill the Goose came out of doore,
Staying the oddes by adding foure.

Pag. A good *Lennoy*, ending in the Goose: would you desire more?

Clo. The Boy hath sold him a bargaine, a Goose, that's flat

Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat.
To sell a bargaine well is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see a fat *Lennoy*, I that's a fat Goose.

Ar. Come hither, come hither:
How did this argument begin?

Boy. By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.
Then cal'd you for the *Lennoy*.

Clow. True, and I for a Plantan:
Thus came yo ur argument in:
Then the Boyes fat *Lennoy*, the Goose that you bought,
And he ended the market.

Ar. But tell me: How was there a *Costard* broken in a shin?

Pag. I will tell you sencibly.

Clow. Thou hast no feeling of it *Moth*,
I will speake that *Lennoy*.
I *Costard* running out, that was safely within,
Fell ouer the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talke no more of this matter.

Clow. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirra *Costard*, I will infranchise thee.

Clow. O, marrie me to one *Francis*, I smell some *Lennoy*, some Goose in this.

Arm. By my sweete soule, I meane, setting thee at libertie. Enfreedoming thy person: thou wert emured, restrained, captiuated, bound.

Clow. True, true, and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Arm. I giue thee thy libertie, set thee from durance, and in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: Beare this significant to the countrey Maide *Iaquenetta*: there is remuneration, for the best ward of mine honours is rewarding my dependants. *Moth*, follow.

Pag. Like the sequell I.
Signeur *Costard* adew. *Exit.*

Clow. My sweete ounce of mans flesh, my in-conie Iew: Now will I looke to his remuneration.
Remuneration, O, that's the Latine word for three-farthings: Three-farthings remuration, What's the price of this yncle? i.d. no, Ile giue you a remuneration: Why? It carries it remuneration: Why? It is a fairer name then a French-Crowne. I will neuer buy and sell out of this word.

Enter Berowne.

Ber. O my good knaue *Costard*, exceedingly well met.

Clow. Pray you sir, How much Carnation Ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Ber. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marrie sir, halfe pennie farthing.

Ber. O, Why then threefarthings worth of Silke.

Cost. I thanke your worship, God be wy you.

Ber. O stay slaue, I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my fauour, good my knaue,
Doe one thing for me that I shall intreate.

Clow. When would you haue it done sir?

Ber. O this after-noone.

Clo. Well, I will doe it sir: Fare you well.

Ber. O thou knowest not what it is.

Clo. I shall know sir, when I haue done it.

Ber. Why villaine thou must know first.

Clo. I wil come to your worship to morrow morning.

Ber. It must be done this after-noone,
Harke slaue, it is but this:
The Princesse comes to hunt here in the Parke,
And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And *Rosaline* they call her, aske for her:
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-vp counsaile. Ther's thy guerdon: goe.

Clo. Gardon, O sweete gardon, better then remuneration, a leuenpence-farthing better: most sweete gardon. I will doe it sir in print: gardon, remuneration. *Exit.*

Ber. O, and I forsooth in loue,
I that haue beene loues whip?
A verie Beadle to a humerous sigh: A Criticke,
Nay, a night-watch Constable.
A domineering pedant ore the Boy,
Then whom no mortall so magnificent.
This wimpled, whyning, purblinde waiward Boy,
This signior *Iunios* gyant drawfe, don *Cupid*,
Regent of Loue-rimes, Lord of folded armes,
Th'annointed soueraigne of sighes and groanes:
Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents:
Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Codpeeces.
Sole Emperator and great generall
Of trotting Parrators (O my little heart.)
And I to be a Corporall of his field,
And weare his colours like a Tumblers hoope.
What? I loue, I sue, I seeke a wife,
A woman that is like a Germane Cloake,
Still a repairing: euer out of frame,
And neuer going a right, being a Watch:
But being watcht, that it may still goe right.
Nay, to be periurde, which is worst of all:
And among three, to loue the worst of all,
A whitly wanton, with a veluet brow.
With two pitch bals stucke in her face for eyes.
I, and by heauen, one that will doe the deede,
Though *Argus* were her Eunuch and her garde.
And I to sigh for her, to watch for her,
To pray for her, go to: it is a plague
That *Cupid* will impose for my neglect,
Of his almighty dreadfull little might.
Well, I will loue, write, sigh, pray, shue, grone,
Some men must loue my Lady, and some Ione.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Princesse, a Forrester, her Ladies, and her Lords.

Qu. Was that the King that spurd his horse so hard,
Against the steepe vprising of the hill?

Boy. I know not, but I thinke it was not he.

Qu. Who ere a was, a shew'd a mounting minde:
Well Lords, to day we shall haue our dispatch,
On Saterday we will returne to *France*.
Then *Forrester* my friend, Where is the Bush
That we must stand and play the murtherer in?

For. Hereby vpon the edge of yonder Coppice,
A Stand where you may make the fairest shoote.

Qu. I thanke my beautie, I am faire that shoote,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoote.

For. Pardon me Madam, for I meant not so.

Qu. What, what? First praise me, & then again say no.
O short liu'd pride. Not faire? alacke for woe.

For. Yes